

LOCAL SOCIAL EVENTS

Engagement Announced
Announcement has been made at Fairmont, Pa., of the engagement of Miss Margaret Fendrick, of that city, to Arthur Humphrey, of Pittsburgh, the engagement to culminate in an October wedding. Miss Fendrick has been a frequent guest in this city at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nichols on Fairmont avenue. Miss Humphrey is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nichols and Miss Fendrick were school mates at Walnut Lane school, Philadelphia. Miss Nichols arrived home yesterday from an extended visit in Philadelphia, Merersburg and Pottsville, Pa., her visit including a week at Walnut Lane, where a reunion of the class in which she was graduated was held.

To Ordination
Invitations have been received here for the services ordaining Rev. John V. Byrne, of Altoona, to the priesthood. The ceremony will take place June 29 at St. Patrick's church, Gallitzin, Pa. Rev. Father Byrne is a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Byrne of High Street. His cousin, Miss Margaret Byrne, will attend the ordination ceremonies.

Surprise Party
Miss Nina Stansberry was the honor guest at a surprise party last evening at her home at Norwood which event was arranged by her friend, Miss Minnie Roddehorst. The guests included several out-of-town guests who came for the event.

For Guests
Mrs. Frank R. Ames entertained a number of friends informally on Friday afternoon at her home on Guffey street, honoring Mrs. E. T. Cottrell and Miss Majorie Travis, of Houston, Texas, who are the guests of relatives in this city. Twelve guests were entertained by the hostess.

PERSONALS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hale on Friday at their home on Fairmont avenue, a daughter. Mrs. Hale was formerly Miss Margaret Crowe, of Frostburg, Md. The child has been named Goldie Jane Hale.

Miss John H. Martin is the guest of her brother, Robert Martin and wife, in Clarkburg. Miss Martin has about recovered from the injuries received in falling several weeks ago.

Miss Maud Harr, of Denver, Col., arrived here last night and will spend the next several weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ridgley.

Mrs. H. C. Toothman and Miss Freda Shanks have been the guests of Miss Anna Wilson, in Clarkburg, for several days attending the Teachers' Association.

Miss H. E. Wilhelm and daughter have gone to Kingwood to join Mr. Wilhelm who is located there for the summer on construction work. They will return to the city in the fall.

Miss Wilma Jacobs, of triune, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Myrtle Shuttlesworth, on High street.

Mrs. Fay Carpenter and child, who had spent the last several weeks here with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Crowl, left today for their home at Blue Creek, W. Va.

Mrs. H. G. Stootzor and son, John, returned from several days' visit to Morgantown. They were accompanied by Mrs. John J. Brokin who will spend a few days in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jenks of Manington will spend Sunday here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Dancer of Maryland avenue.

Miss Beatrice Hall, of Monongah, has returned home from Morgantown where she attended the W. V. U. She was accompanied by Miss Ethel Ross of Martinsburg who is her guest.

Mrs. James H. Peacock and son Homer, of Cumberland, Md., are visiting Mrs. Peacock's sister, Mrs. E. J. Rogers of the Hall Block.

James H. Peacock of Cumberland, Md., is spending the week end with relatives in this city.

FAIRVIEW.

Mrs. James Powell delightfully entertained the Lincoln Cheer Sewing Circle Friday afternoon from 2 to 5 p. m. After a very pleasant afternoon spent sewing and visiting the hostess served refreshments assisted by Miss Doris Ammons and Ruth Tennant. The guests included Mrs. Marion Bowman, Mrs. Larnie McBeck, Mrs. J. B. tory, Mrs. A. M. Hanes, Mrs. Mollie Hamilton and Miss Sallie E. Martin.

Misses Flora and Ethel Ice entertained Rev. Mrs. Pollitt, presiding elder, and Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Fogle, of Clarkburg; Mrs. Samuel Brand of Morgantown, Miss Sallie E. Martin and W. D. Ice to six o'clock dinner Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Pat Hayes of Baxter was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Shurtliff this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse D. Wilson entertained.

SAYS TEMPERAMENT DOESN'T COUNT.



MIZZI HAJOS

Temperament amounts to little in theatricals, according to Miss Hajos, winsome star of comic opera. She says the actor with real ability is the real actor, while temperament is sometimes "put on" for effect.

Perkins, Mildred Mason, Blenda Toothman, Olivine Perkins, Vereda Hamilton, Freda Hanught, Amelia Perkins, Helen Wilson, Aldine Miller, Mesdames Ward Drago, Perkins, Stella Wilson, J. W. Summerville.

and his wife agreed to house Mary and Constance, Mary to assist with housework, and act as sort of governess for the numerous professional offspring out of school hours.

Three years more and Mary had finished her course. She got her life certificate and a good position. Her goal was reached—Independence. Her vow of a manless existence was now insured. Moreover, she had obtained for them both something priceless, something approaching real culture.

They were able to take their places among the best in the pleasant village where Mary's high school was located.

Years passed—happy ones. Mary's corners were all smoothed down now. She had independence, social position, and a beautiful, sunny-natured, quick-minded daughter. Constance finished high school easily, and was at last sent to college. Not to the little normal, but to a famous women's college, far away.

Mary answered the girl's glowing letter, telling of her engagement, in a manner which she fancied thoroughly diplomatic. And thus the matter rested till vacation, for she knew better than to try to influence Constance at long range. But when Constance finally came home, even Mary gasped at the vision. Always lovely, the girl was now glorified with a mist of dreams. She was hope and gladness incarnate. But that did not deter Mary. She made up her mind to break off the match, and save Constance from what she firmly believed would prove disaster.

But, for the first time in her life, Mary ran against an impassable snag. Sometimes Constance grieved over their arguments. Again she only smiled, in a detached way that saddened Mary. Constance was well-nigh impenetrable, enveloped in the armor of dreams.

At last Mary's cautious campaign collapsed, and she lost control of herself. They were cleaning their little house that day, and Constance sank down abruptly with a duster, under her mother's furious outburst. You will break my heart, and break your own, too, Mary wound up.

But you don't know Leonard, Constance opposed faintly.

She sought out a certain kindhearted professor, who had a large family, and stated her case. The professor

He is a man—that's enough. No, mother! He is gentle and kind, and firm. He comes of a fine old family.

Nonsense! For twenty years I have fought to put you where you are. You have education, culture, and good looks. You are better equipped to earn money than most men. Your future is insured. And this is the thanks I get.

I want more than money, mother. I want a home of my own, and—happiness. The cares that come with it I'm willing to accept.

You talk like a baby. Constance stood up deliberately. There was a dangerous light in her eyes. I appreciate what you've done, mother. You have been wonderful. But if I choose to give up my education and my culture and my looks to my husband, instead of selling them in the business world, it is my own concern. We won't quarrel any more, mother. That's all!

And that was all. Mary pleaded in vain against the wall of reserve the girl built around herself. Vacation passed distressfully. Constance went back to college for her final year. Mary went back to her classes. The year dragged through wearily toward June and the hateful wedding.

Constance was to graduate on the fifteenth and be married on the twenty-fifth. Mary made up her mind to go on for the events if it killed her. She had looked forward for years to attending Constance's graduation, but now that pleasure was all swallowed up in grief over the event to follow.

But Mary Moon was game. She had some unusually pretty dresses made and paid an extravagant price for a suit and hat. She bought a smart trunk and bag and all the necessary travelling accessories. For she had been invited to stay at the home of the groom, and she resolved to make a creditable showing in spite of the grief in her heart. She knew that Leonard Ames's father was old Doctor Ames, of Latin text-book fame, and that Mrs. Ames was prominent socially in the college town. They should not be ashamed of Constance's mother.

They were not ashamed. Mary made an excellent impression, with her attractive toilets and her vivacious intelligence. In fact, she made quite a furor in the cultured professional home. They hadn't expected a little high school teacher from the middle West to be so charming. The courtly

old doctor and his wife showed their admiration unmistakably. While Leonard Ames—six feet of wholesome boyish zest, in spite of his dignified calling paid Mary open court.

Then the wedding guests began to arrive. New people to meet—to play to. There were Leonard's famous civil engineer cousin and his pretty wife. There was a chemical manufacturing uncle, with a lovely placid wife and three delightful children. There were a doctor aunt and a suffrage aunt—fine, vigorous spinsters. There was a nice elder brother, too, who was also an instructor in a distant city, and whose wife had been unable to come on account of a brand new baby. In spite of herself, Mary warmed to the matron element more than to the spinster. The latter were nice, but they were terribly self-sufficient. She wondered if Constance might ever become like them if she had her way!

The night before the wedding, Constance inquired guardedly, "How do you like Leonard's people, mother?" "Very much," replied Mary sincerely. "I am proud to have you know and be known by such people dear."

"Then why"—began Constance softly, and stopped.

Mary combed through her black hair several times in silence.

"Which do you like best of the women, mother—the married ones or the old maids?" Constance inquired mischievously.

"Why, I think the—the married ones," said Mary, uncomfortably aware that Constance was taking advantage of her inability to quibble.

"You don't dislike Leonard do you, mother?"

"N—no." It was more a choke than a spoken word.

Constance saw Mary's agonized face in the glass. She whirled around with a little triumphant laugh. "Better own up, you're beaten, mother, darling," she said. Mary began to cry, although she was not a crying woman. Constance's arms went about her softly. "Mother, precious, she whispered, 'don't you see that without your training I could not have won Leonard and his nice family? The training was all right mother, only you mistook the goal, I think.'"

It takes more bravery to accept and to adjust one's self to defeat, than it does to fight it in the first place. Mary Moon was nothing if not brave, however. "I was mistaken, dear," she said simply. "I—I think it's just lovely," she whispered with a tremulous smile.

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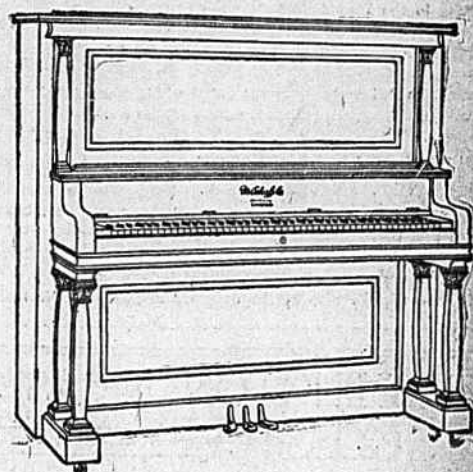
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